


BOKU NO OUMAGADOKI

FANZINE





Thank you SO MUCH for downloading this zine!!
It's full of amazing art and fics so please enjoy!!

Oumagadoki Zoo is Kōhei Horikoshi's very first manga, it's fun and short, and the protagonist is a big sunshine girl, so i highly recommend it!!!! (especially if you're a furry)

Some of the characters make a cameo in Boku no Hero Academia and the two stories are in the same universe so i thought it would make a fun crossover!

This manga is so important to me and it deserves so much more love, so i decided to make a zine to promote it! It was simply an idea at first, but every participant answered with such excitement i was so surprised and overly happy!! It means a lot to me, so thank you all so much for being part of this zine, it was tons of fun working with you all!!!!

THANK YOU SO MUCH!!!!

-frenchyvanilla

Hey!! Thanks for downloading this zine! You're PLUS ULTRA *wink
wink*

I hope you'll enjoy it as much as we enjoyed working on it!

If you think your friends might be interested in this crossover, please share the link! SEND THAT PDF EVERYWHERE! Let's make Ouma a bit more known!

Again, THANK YOU! And THANKS to everyone who worked with us on this zine! You all did such a good work!!

-kyuu





Tuto
3/30







HOW DO YOU
KNOW
UWABAMI-SAN?





The school principal is a talking mouse?

yeah he is I guess?



HERO *Crusher*





???

HP 
MP 

LVL 99 ALL MIGHT

HP 
MP 





„Hey, how would you like a double date? You, me, my weird brother and your weird brother?”

Tomura doesn't look up from the PS Vita clutched in his hands, the click of the buttons filling the momentary silence. “Awkward at best, lethal at worst.”

“Good, because we'll meet them at the aquarium in two hours.”

He has been told before how his looks could kill, but he doesn't want to kill Dabi – he just wants to hurt him, really, really hurt him as he glares at him over the edge of his portable console. “I'm so glad this is an equal relationship where we both have a say in things,” he comments dryly. Dabi offers him a lopsided grin over his shoulder and Tomura wishes he would love the sight of it a little less.

“Come on, it'll be fun! I like your brother, he's so –”

“Idiotic?” Tomura offers, turning his attention back to the game.

“I was going to say bubbly and positive, but that works, too, I guess.”

The bed shakes dangerously when Dabi flops down onto it next to Tomura; it must have seen better days, because when they stumbled upon it on the street, standing next to an old fridge in which an opossum had given birth and hissed at them, it already had various dents and missing screws. But beggars can't be choosers, and unlike his brother, Dabi didn't already own his own business. Tomura's well aware he's engaged to the dropout of the family, but so is Dabi. He also finds it necessary to engage in social interactions with his family and keeps arranging meetups in questionable places in hopes of Tomura and his brother growing fond of each other; a hapless task, but Tomura doesn't want to destroy the dream of his fiancé and so he checks off the barest minimum of civility when interacting with Isana.

He's as different from his brother as one can be, about as much as Tomura and Shiina. It was Shiina who introduced them to each other back in high school, dragging along a boy from his volleyball course who he insisted was Tomura's type. Tomura thought volleyball was a dumb sport for dumb people, which he told Dabi right away. Dabi grinned at him, tall, lanky, and decidedly too handsome for someone who engaged in such ridiculous activities. Tomura still remembers how his cheeks grew hot and Shiina worriedly checking him for signs of a stroke. Ever since then, Dabi stuck around, and Tomura doesn't mind volleyball as much anymore.

They spend the next hour cuddled up to each other, Tomura mostly focused on his game, batting Dabi's hand away whenever he tries to press a random button and distract his partner. Every few minutes, one of them mumbles about how they should get ready, receiving an acknowledging grunt in return and then continuing to not get up.

“Why do you want to meet up with those weirdos today? Didn't you see your brother last week already?”

“We're the weirdos, mister,” Dabi mumbles against his shoulder, “but I didn't ask him, he did.”

“That's rare,” Tomura comments without looking at him. “I thought he was too busy making money and being a douchebag to see his family.”

“Yeah, who knows, maybe he wants something.” With a yawn, Dabi stretches, not so accidentally dragging his hand over his fiancé's face in the process and prompting him to lose track of the game. Tomura curses, batting Dabi's hand away but it's too late – the screen fades to black, telling Tomura he's lost the battle. He glares at Dabi.

“I love you,” Dabi tries, laughing when a pillow hits him in the face.

-

Tomura enjoys riding the bus with Dabi; he doesn't mind leaving him the window seat, and so Tomura is safe from people entering the bus and brushing past him, invading his personal space. Instead, he can sink into the seat, resting his head against Dabi's shoulder, Dabi's arm around his a comforting weight and just enjoy the view of passing buildings, fading into trees and a green landscape, leaving the city behind. Sometimes he thinks about a house in the countryside, a garden full of sunflowers and a working record player for Dabi to listen to his favorite old songs. But that's a dream for the future, maybe.

They leave the bus and Tomura puts on his shades, despite the entrance to the aquarium being only a few meters away from them. It's a bright summer's day and the parking lot is full of people who can't wait to enter a dark building and look at creepy underwater creatures. There are worse places to be, Tomura decides.

He recognizes the tall figure of his brother from afar, wearing a brightly red, dotted scarf despite the temperatures, next to him a man of decidedly less impressive height. Tomura never really warmed up to Isana, thinking for a man of his height he really liked to look down on people. For a long time, he didn't understand what Shiina saw in him, but after their adoptive father died and it was only Tomura and him, he found them sitting in the kitchen of their old house, Shiina's head resting on Isana's shoulder and ring-clad fingers gently stroking his hair, and Tomura thought that maybe Isana just doesn't like to sit in the aisle seat either.

He may not be fond of him, but he understands that he's good for Shiina, and that he's Dabi's brother and has been there for him before Tomura could.

Isana must have seen them too, because he nods in their direction, prompting Shiina to turn around and jump in delight at the sight of

his brother and his future brother-in-law.

"There you are!" Shiina calls, coming forward to hug them tightly. He smells of earth and vanilla, the love for gardening shared among their family members. He always brings them seasonal vegetables and they taste good enough that even Dabi sits down and eats something differently than frozen pizza and kebab. "Wow, it's so good to see you guys, I'm happy you could come today."

"Yeah, perfect day to sit in the dark and listen to whale noises," Tomura says, the bite of his comment flying right over Shiina's head as he grabs their hands, dragging them forward.

"Isana already got tickets, we're inviting you guys."

"Aw, you shouldn't have, but actually yes, because we're broke," Dabi says.

Isana nods at them politely, hands shoved into his pockets. Despite it being a warm day, he wears a dark suit that looks like it was tailored right onto his body and Tomura just knows it cost more than he made in his entire life so far. He lifts his hand to present four tickets with a flick of his wrist, and it takes all the physical strength Tomura possesses to keep his eyes from rolling back into his head. "Getting the tickets was no problem. I have a VIP member pass, which grants me access to the aquarium every day of the year."

"Of course you do," Dabi says, the glint in his eyes giving him away, "it's the most normal thing to have."

Isana gives his brother a look but foregoes a comment. Instead, he takes Shiina's hand, leading the odd group into the aquarium. As they enter the building, Tomura finally takes off his shades, the light dim and pleasant compared to the outside, shivering against the chilly air inside the building. They pass the long line of people waiting for their tickets, Isana almost casually showing off his fancy member pass and leading them through a smaller entrance to the side. Without saying so much as a word, Isana leads them down the hall to the whale section; out of speakers above their heads, whale songs fill the space between them. Just before they reach the aisle about the orcas, Dabi halts.

"Actually, I'm gonna get a coffee or something," he announces, pointing back at the way they just came. "They got these cute little cups with the octopus print here that you can keep. Anybody else want anything? Shiina, do you mind coming along?"

"Uh, sure, no problem," Shiina says, looking back at Isana and Tomura, the latter giving Dabi an expression of mild panic; he's never been alone with Isana before. "We'll be right back, promise."

Shiina throws a last kiss over his shoulder towards his boyfriend and Tomura doesn't turn around to see if Isana catches it with his hand.

"Let's sit down a bit," he suddenly says, strolling towards the nearest bench. It's placed right in front of a large screen showing clips of orcas in the wild. Tomura sits down, but not without putting a decent amount of space between them. Isana doesn't comment on it, simply watching the screen instead. The silence that follows isn't any more unpleasant than Isana's presence by itself, and Tomura mentally writes a grocery list to distract himself. That is, until the other begins to speak again. "I know you don't like me," he begins, stating it like a simple fact, "and that's fair because I'm not too fond of you either."

"Okay?" Tomura mumbles, frowning. Undeterred, Isana continues.

"When Dabi told me, he would propose to you, I thought about how much you annoy me sometimes, and that I would have to deal with you for the rest of my life now. But then I thought about how he used to be before he met you, how when he was sixteen he didn't think he'd make it to thirty, but never mentioned it again after Shiina introduced you to each other, and I realized that even though I'm not fond of you, you're good for him and that you may be the reason I got to keep my brother, my only real family.

The aquarium is where Shiina and I had our first date, I hoped the dim light would mask the panic I felt. I'm hoping for the same thing today. We'll be spending our lives together one way or another, as you're my brother's fiancé, and so I want to do this right. Tomura, as the only member of your family that's left, I'm asking you for your blessing to marry Shiina."

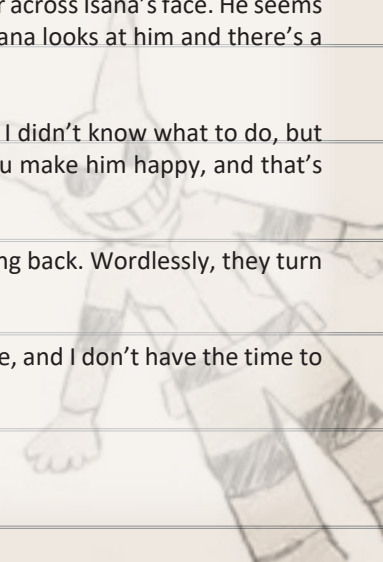
The only source of light in the room is the screen in front of them, and Tomura watches blue shadows flicker across Isana's face. He seems oddly calm, at peace even, unlike Tomura who tries to remember how his tongue works. It's only when Isana looks at him and there's a glint in his eyes, that he finds his voice again.

"You make him happy," he says slowly, "he's my brother and you make him happy. After our father died, I didn't know what to do, but you give him something he needs. You're a douchebag, and for all I know you could be a mobster, but you make him happy, and that's all that matters to me."

The shadows on Isana's face move with the smile that tugs at his lips and Tomura thinks he might be smiling back. Wordlessly, they turn back to the screen, the space between them feeling a little less far.

"Just so you know," Isana begins, "I'm not a mobster. Their way of handling things is too messy for my taste, and I don't have the time to deal with superfluous issues like that."

"Right," Tomura says. He can't wait for Dabi to return with his octopus cup.



Today didn't start off great. Even waking up had been quite difficult. It is somewhat difficult to bring yourself to go to class when you know someone will blow a fuse when he'll learn about your school choice, right? Right he had been. His childhood friend got furious at him and his classmates mocked him.

You'd think after such a day at school, the way back home would be nice or even maybe fun! But Izuku got none of that. Coming from the ground, a boneless fluid like body surrounded him completely, making his way inside the boy's body through his mouth and nose. A villain on the run.

Panicking was only driving his consciousness away faster but being unable to breathe just made his whole body alert, yearning to move in order to get rid of the obstruction.

He barely managed to catch a glimpse of a moving figure before closing his eyes.

- RAPID RABBIT SLAP!

In a smack, the whole fluid body got torn away from Izuku's body as he was thrown away as well. Lying down, Izuku, his hands on his throat still feeling that invasive intrusion even in his nostrils, was slowly getting his breath back. But his curious eyes wouldn't stop searching for what was going on.

He spotted some of his stuff here and there on the floor, his backpack must have opened, somehow. His brain was also trying to come up with an explanation as to why he didn't suffer any injury outside some scratches.

Finally, at some point, the shadow of his savior came to sight and the first thing Izuku noticed was the blatantly visible bunny ears coming up of their head.

- You doing alright there?

Getting up with a jump, Izuku simply (frantically) nodded. Now, his day could have been better, right? If we sum it up, he got verbally abused by his classmates, his childhood friend suggested he'd jump off the rooftop after almost completely destroying one of his precious notebooks and to top it off he got slimed attacked by some villain while going back home. Would it be weird to say that something good came out of his almost death experience?

Because the one standing close to him now, picking up his stuff, was Shiina.

- I'm!! F-fine??? Thank you very much!!

Despite his fidgeting, Izuku managed to bow his head, maybe a bit too low. A simple hum was returned.

Shiina isn't a hero, not depending on any hero agency, but he's known. Even well-known. And Izuku has always been very curious as to why even though he has a very powerful quirk.

- E-excuse-me!! Can...! Can I ask you something?

- If it's not boring, go ahead.

- You're Shiina, right?! Why... Why didn't you become a hero?

Shiina stared at Izuku who swiftly began to pick up his stuff back, not really sure he was allowed to ask that and that maybe he shouldn't even ask that. His curiosity gets the better of him sometimes. When he was about to get his notebook, the one destroyed by his childhood friend, Shiina got it first and started skimming through it.

- Because it's no fun?

The answer came with a shock. It shouldn't, not as much as a shock, because every time Shiina is mentioned in social media, that's how he appears. Just doing whatever he wants. Well, it was a shock to everyone when they learned he's actually a zoo director.

But right now? Being indulged right now wouldn't feel too bad. As someone who is aspiring to be a hero since a very young age but has been denied ever since that young age, it was shocking hearing that from someone who could but won't because it's no fun?

Humoring him a little wouldn't hurt. But that's probably what you get from a fellow human being.

- B-but with your quirk... And your stamina... You could help thousands of people! You'd inspire younger kids to do better! A lot of people would look up to you!

- Like All Might?

It didn't come out as cold, it was but a simple observation. One Shiina managed to do thanks to that one specific notebook he picked up on the floor. Hero Analysis for the Future. He liked the sound of it and the content was worth a read or two. It could be dangerous in some hands as well. To be honest, Shiina wasn't really thinking of talking or answering to the boy. He just happened to be at the right place at the right time, a kid dying is no fun. Anyway, yeah, with how into heroes the boy is, he could only be referring to All Might.

- Honestly, who cares? How what I am doing is any different from what he does?

Shiina picked up a pen on the floor and sat down to then start scribbling on the notebook.

Izuku was a bit lost as to what to do or even think. This day was a mess. But still, he couldn't stay still and wait for whatever was to come. And well, he had a point. You can help people without being a hero... It was probably a case of projecting himself onto Shiina. So what was it that made him so eager to be one?

- In the first place, you can't save people if you're not looking at them.

Once again, he was right. Without even looking away from the notebook, still writing in it. Izuku was seriously hoping he wasn't drawing or writing weird stuff over what he did. For a while now, he was just standing there watching and listening to Shiina. There was something that was drawing him to the other man, apart from his usual curiosity and the still very obvious bunny ears. He wasn't really sure what, he's been tossed around so much today, he might regret what was coming.

- You can't save people if you don't have a quirk...

His voice was so low it was barely audible. He had lowered his head, again today. And that made Shiina quit doing whatever he was doing. He frowned slightly. He noticed a pattern in the boy, a pattern with which he became unwillingly too familiar thanks to two kids, probably of the same age, who are now working for him. You can't help anyone if you're clumsy. If you're not doing anything.

- It takes more than a quirk. If you rely too much on your quirk, you're as good as without one. There're limits to quirks. There're weaknesses.

Seeing as Izuku wouldn't look up, he simply threw, maybe with more force than intended, the pen he was holding at his head. Even Izuku's hair couldn't cushion the shock. And that did its work. He even stepped back a little, reaching for where he was hit with his hands and of course he would look at Shiina now.

- That hurts! Why did you do that?!

- As much as you hate your disposition, someone else with a quirk probably does too. But you have something to rely on, something to fight with.

As he stood back up, Shiina threw the notebook at Izuku. Seeing him trying to catch it was quite the sight. It was a bit of a bother, it's not that fun being here, doing all that, but that boy was reminding him of Aoi and Kikuchi, but he's there for them. Is there someone for this kid?

- You didn't write those thinking you need a quirk to be a hero. So what does it change now?

Izuku had his eyes on his notebook while listening to Shiina. How weird for his nerdiness to be acknowledged. Not that it felt bad, that would be lying. He put a lot of work in each and every of his notebooks, he studied, observed and wrote so much in the last few years. And he did write them to find a way to be a hero even without a quirk. He also is aware that not every hero has an impressive quirk. What was he becoming lost for?

His recent attack flashed back in his mind. He had been useless there. He would have died. With a quirk, he could have fought back. There were mountains to be lost here.

- If I can't even save myself, how can I think of saving others ...

- You're looking for excuses now. Why do think heroes have sidekicks? Do you think they are useless because heroes can manage? Should we put heroes through life-threatening events to be sure they can save others?

Izuku shook his head repeatedly. Shiina wasn't sugarcoating his words or his thoughts. He was confronting him head-on, ready to step on his fears but also maybe on his hopes if necessary. As scary as it was, it was comforting. It was like the caring of a parent but with the honesty of a best friend. Shiina was way more than what whatever media would tell. He'd rely on him anytime. He flinched when he heard Shiina sigh. Really, this was no fun.

- What I mean to say is, you can do it your own way. Quirkless. There aren't any written rules on what it is to be a hero.

Izuku nodded. It's true that in front of him didn't stand a renowned hero, but someone with obvious better chances than him to be a hero was telling him he could do it. It wasn't the usual give-up speech or mocking he usually hears. It wasn't his mom's apologies. He was with him, on his side, believing a kid he barely met a few minutes ago. It was so unexpected and unusual to him tears were slowly growing in his eyes.

- You probably know it already, but I own a zoo. I think it could be pretty fun to have you observe my friends and myself. Let's work on that quirkless quirk you got.

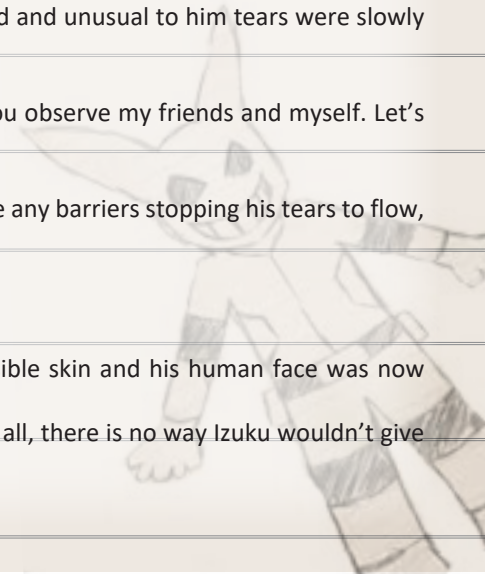
As he made his offer, Shiina put a hand on Izuku's head, ruffling his hair gently. The contact broke any barriers stopping his tears to flow, but it also made a smile beam on his face. Maybe this day wasn't so bad after all.

- Let's do this!

Shiina smiled back and as he was about to mess with Izuku's hair, white fur poofed on his visible skin and his human face was now matching more with his bunny ears. They both froze.

Well, Izuku just had a shocking glimpse of Shiina's quirk that Shiina would have to explain. After all, there is no way Izuku wouldn't give in to his curiosity with something like that!

However, that would be for another day.





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- You doing alright there?

Getting up with a jump, Izuku simply (frantically) nodded. Now, his day could have been better, right? If we sum it up, that's about as good as it gets. His childhood friend suggested he'd jump off the rooftop to get his mind off his problems, his notebooks and to top it off he got almost attacked by some villain while going back home. Would it be weird to say that something good came out of his almost death experience?

-Your Quirkless Way-

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"Come on, it'll be fun! I like your brother, he's so -"

"Idiot?" Tomura offers, turning his attention back to the game.

"I was going to say..." And We Will Sigh No More-

The bed shakes dangerously when Dabi flops down onto it next to Tomura; it must have seen better days, because when they stumbled upon it on the street, standing next to an old fridge in which an

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Thank you so much for reading this zinell Please check out Ouma (it is good).  -Sammy

